

The Black Lodge

In Mourning

Gone for days, Julia
Without a trace, Julia
Leaving some words, a note
If anyone gave a damn

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Without a trace, Julia

Leaving some words, a note
If anyone gave a damn
She laid her eyes upon the glade
A place unseen by many
And unknown to all
She was hiding herself in the broad daylight
From the seekers of the grind denial
She approaches to the water
The dark, cold water

She was a keeper of the inside
(Revealed) by this place which is unfound
A pity sight for the magpie
The Black Lodge

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From the seekers of the grind denial
She approaches to the water
The dark, cold water

Beautiful when she left the door
Unclosed behind
Red dress, the evidence was on her wrists
Julia, where are you going
What are you leading me to
The trail to the lodge is irrelevant
It's always the end
When they're finally there
I can still see you through the water

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